

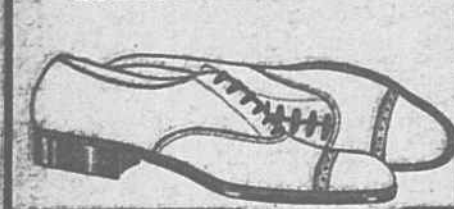
The best Shoemakers supply us with their products.

We sell the well known makes, such as—
STACY ADAMS
STETSON SHOE
STRONG & GARFIELD
RALSTON SHOE
W. L. DOUGLAS

Let us show you the new Oxfords.

M. A. Nusbaum, Inc.

134-136 THIRD ST.



POOR BLOOD

Cause of Disease—Druggist Tells of Best Remedy For It.

Pure healthy blood is a most essential factor to good health. Poor, thin, devitalized blood may be caused by a weakness of the digestive organs, and accumulation of waste matter in the system, an inactive liver or lack of exercise.

Whatever the cause the best remedy we know is our delicious cod liver oil tonic, Vinol. It will purify and enrich the blood, tone up the digestive organs, give you a hearty appetite and create strength.

A case has just come to our attention from Guilford, Miss. Mrs. Armelle Saucier says: "For months I was in a run-down condition and my blood was very poor. I had taken several medicines prescribed by physicians but they seemed to do me no good. Vinol was recommended and from the first bottle I noticed an improvement. I continued its use and now feel as strong and well as ever."

If you have the slightest indication of poor blood take Vinol. It will help you we will give back your money. Stone & Mercer, Druggists, Clarksburg, W. Va.

P. S. Eczema Sufferers! We guarantee our new skin remedy, Saxo.

—Advertisement.

Little Giant Stock Food

The Phosphorus Food. Is off medicine and food. No fillers used. Contains correct amount of phosphorus needed by all live-stock. Composition and analysis on every tin. 5 lb. tin \$1.10; 10 lb. \$1.80; 25 lb. \$3.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

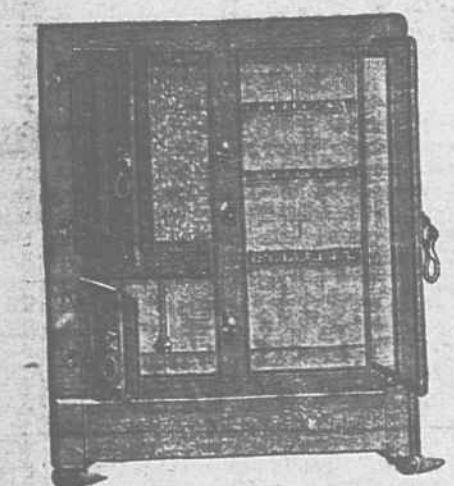
BORNER-GAYLORD CO., Clarksburg, W. Va.

VAPOR TREATMENT FOR COLD TROUBLES

Are now used in all hospitals. The vapors are inhaled direct to the spot without injuring the stomach as do internal remedies. The vapors are contained.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

so that they are released by the heat of the body when applied to the throat and chest. One good rub will relieve a cold; croup is cured in fifteen minutes. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sample on request. Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.



SUMMER COMFORTS All Sizes, All Prices.



Lee & Parr Hardware Co. 434 W. PIKE STREET

The Story of WAITTILL BAXTER



Copyright, 1913, by Kate Douglas Wiggin

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

(Continued from yesterday.)

"We can't! The Lord couldn't expect us to bear all we bear," exclaimed Patty. "without our trying once in a while to have a good time in our own way. We never do a thing that we are



"We can't! The Lord couldn't expect us to bear all that we bear."

ashamed of or that other girls don't do every day in the week; only our pleasures always have to be taken behind father's back. It's only me that's ever wrong, anyway, for you are always an angel. It's a burning shame, and you only twenty-one yourself. I'll pierce your ears if you say so and let you wear your own coral drops!"

"No, Patty! I've outgrown those long-langs years ago. When your mother died and left father and you and the house to me my girlhood died, too, though I was only fourteen."

"It was only your inside girlhood that died," insisted Patty stoutly. "The outside is as fresh as the paint on Uncle Bart's new ell. You've got the loveliest eyes and hair in Riverboro, and you know it. Besides, Ivory Boynton would tell you so if you didn't. Come and bore my ears, there's a darling!"

"Ivory Boynton never speaks a word of my looks, nor a word that father and all the world might hear." And Waitstill flushed.

"Then it's because he's shy and silent and has so many troubles of his own that he doesn't dare say anything. When my hair is once up and the coral pendants are swinging in my ears I shall expect to hear something about my looks. I can tell you, Waity, after all, though we never have what we want to eat and never a decent dress to our backs, not a young man to cross the threshold. I wouldn't change places with Ivory Boynton, would you?" Here Patty swept the hearth vigorously with a turkey wing and added a few corn-cobs to the fire.

Waitstill paused a moment in her task of bread kneading. "Well," she answered critically, "at least we know where our father is."

"We do indeed. We also know that he is thoroughly alive."

"And, though people do talk about him, they can't say the things they say of Master Aaron Boynton. I don't believe father would ever run away and desert us."

"I fear not," said Patty. "I wish the angels would put the idea into his head, though, of course, it wouldn't be the angels. They'd be above it. It would have to be the 'old driver,' as Jed Morrill calls the evil one. But whoever did it the result would be the same—we should be deserted and live happily ever after. Oh, to be deserted and left with you alone on this hill-top, what joy it would be!"

CHAPTER II.

Deacon Baxter's Wives. WAITTILL frowned, but did not interfere further with Patty's intemperate speech. She knew that she was simply serving as an escape valve and that after the steam was "let off" she would be more rational.

"Of course we are motherless," continued Patty wistfully, "but poor Ivory is worse than motherless."

"No, not worse, Patty," said Waitstill, taking the bread board and moving toward the closet. "Ivory loves his mother, and she loves him with all the mind she has left. She has the best blood of New England flowing in her veins, and I suppose it was a great comedown for her to marry Aaron Boynton, clever and gifted though he was. Now Ivory has to protect her—poor, daff, innocent creature—and hide

her away from the gossip of the village. He is surely the best of sons, Ivory Boynton."

"She is a terrible care for him and like to spoil his life," said Patty.

"There are cares that swell the heart and make it bigger and warmer. Patty, just as there are cares that shrivel it and leave it tired and cold. Love lightens Ivory's afflictions, but that is something you and I have to do without, so it seems."

"I suppose little Rodman is some comfort to the Boyntons, even if he is only ten?" Patty suggested.

"No doubt. He's a good little fellow, and, though it's rather hard for Ivory to be burdened for these last five years with the support of a child who's no nearer kin than a cousin, still he's of use, minding Mrs. Boynton and the house when Ivory's away. The schoolteacher says he is a wonder for at his books and likely to be a great credit to the Boyntons some day or other."

"You've forgot to name our great blessing, Waity, and I believe, anyway, you're talking to keep my mind off the earnings!"

"You mean we've each other? No, Patty, I never forget that, day or night. 'Tis that makes me willing to bear any burden father chooses to put upon us. Now the bread is set, but I don't believe I have the courage to put a needle into your tender flesh, Patty. I really don't."

"Nonsense! I've got the waxed silk all ready and chosen the right sized needle, and I'll promise not to jump or screech more than I can help. We'll make a tiny lead pencil dot right in the middle of the lobe, then you place the needle on it, shut your eyes and jab jab! I expect to faint, but when I 'come to' we can decide which of us will pull the needle through to the other side. Probably it will be you. I'm such a coward. If it hurts dreadfully I'll have only one pierced today and take the other tomorrow, and if it hurts very dreadfully perhaps I'll go through life with one earring. Aunt Abby Cole will say it's just odd enough to suit me!"

"You'll never go through life with one tongue at the rate you use it now," chided Waitstill. "for it will never last you. Come, we'll take the workbasket and go out in the barn where no one will see or hear us."

"Goody, goody! Come along!" and Patty clapped her hands in triumph. "Have you got the pencil and the needle and the waxed silk? Then bring the camphor bottle to revive me, and the coral pendants, too, just to give me courage. Hurry up! It's 10 o'clock. I was born at sunrise, so I'm 'going out' eighteen and can't waste any time!"

Foxwell Baxter was ordinarily called "Old Fox" by the boys of the district and also, it is to be feared, by the men gathered for evening conference at the various taverns, or at one of the rival village stores.

He had a small farm of fifteen or twenty acres, with a pasture, a wood lot and a hayfield, but the principal source of his income came from trading. His sign bore the usual legend, "West India Goods and Groceries," and probably the most profitable articles in his stock were rum, molasses, sugar and tobacco, but there were chests of rice, tea, coffee and spices, barrels of pork in brine, as well as piles of cotton and woolen cloth on the shelves above the counter. His shop window, seldom dusted or set in order, held a few clay pipes, some glass jars or peppermint or sassafras lozenges, black licorice, stick candy and sugar gooseberries. These dainties were seldom renewed, for it was only a very bold child or one with an ungovernable appetite for sweets who would have spent his penny at Fox Baxter's store.

He was thought a sharp and shrewd trader, but his honesty was never questioned. Indeed, the only trait in his character that ever came up for general discussion was his extraordinary, unbelievable, colossal meanness. This so eclipsed every other passion in the man and loomed so boldly and insistently in the foreground that had he been observed it, and if he really did possess a casual virtue it could scarcely have reared its head in such ugly company.

It might be said, to defend the fair fame of the church, that Mr. Baxter's deaconhood did not include very active service in the courts of the Lord. He had "experienced religion" at fifteen and made profession of his faith, but all well brought up boys and girls did the same in those days—their parents saw to that! If change of conviction or backsliding occurred later on that was not their business! At the ripe age of twenty-five he was selected to fill a vacancy and became a deacon, thinking it might be good for trade, as it was, for some years. He was very active at the time of the "Cochran-

crisis," since any defense of the creed that included lively detective work and incessant spying on his neighbors was particularly in his line, but for many years now, though he had been regular in attendance at church, he had never officiated at communion and his deaconal services had gradually lapsed into the passing of the contribution box, a task of which he never wearied. It was such a keen pleasure to make other people yield their pennies for a good cause without adding his own!

Deacon Baxter had now been a widower for nine years, and the community had almost relinquished the idea of his seeking a fourth wife. This was a matter of some regret, for there was a general feeling that it would be a good thing for the Baxter girls to have some one to help with the housework and act as a buffer between them and their grim and insatiable parent. As for the women of the village, they were mortified that the Deacon had been able to secure three wives and refused to believe that the universe held anywhere a creature benighted enough to become his fourth.

The first, he it said, was a mere ignorant girl, and he a headless youth of twenty, who may not have shown his true qualities so early in life. She bore him two sons, and it was a matter of comment at the time that she called them, respectively, Job and Moses, hoping that the endurance and meekness connected with these names might somehow help them in their future relations with their father. Pneumonia, coupled with profound discouragement, carried her off in a few years, and she was buried in the parsonage. Waitstill's mother, who was of different fiber and greatly his superior. She was a fine, handsome girl, the orphan daughter of a country gentleman who had died when she was eighteen, leaving her alone in the world and penniless.

Baxter, after a few days' acquaintance, drove into the dooryard of the house where she was a visitor and, showing her his two curly-headed boys, suddenly asked her to come and be their stepmother. She assented, partly because she had nothing else to do with her existence so far as she could see, and also because she fell in love with the children at first sight and forgot, as girls will, that it was their father whom she was marrying.

She was as plucky and clever and spirited as she was handsome, and she made a brave fight of it with Fox, long enough to bring a daughter into the world, to name her Waitstill, and start her a little way on her life journey—then she, too, gave up the struggle and died. Typhoid fever it was, combined with complete loss of illusions and a kind of despairing rage at having made so complete a failure of her existence.

The next year Mr. Baxter, being unusually busy, offered a man a good young helper if he would jog about the country a little and pick him up a housekeeper, a likely woman who would if she proved energetic, economical and amiable be eventually raised to the proud position of his wife. If she was young, healthy, smart, tidy, capable and a good manager, able to milk the cows, harness the horse and make good butter he would give a dollar and a half a week. The woman was found, and, incredible as it may seem, she said "Yes" when the deacon, whose ardor was kindled at having paid three months' wages, proposed a speedy marriage. The two boys by this time had reached the age of discretion, and one of them evinced the fact by promptly running away to parts unknown, never to be heard from again; while the other, a reckless and unhappy lad, was drowned while running on the logs in the river. Old Fox showed little outward sign of his loss.

His third wife, the one originally secured for a housekeeper, bore him a girl, very much to his disgust, a girl named Patience, and great was Waitstill's delight at this addition to the dull household. The mother was a timid, colorless, docile creature, but Patience nevertheless was a sparkling, bright-eyed baby, who speedily became the very center of the universe to the older child. So the months and years wore on drearily enough until when Patience was eight the third Mrs. Baxter succumbed after the manner of her predecessors and slipped away from a life that had grown intolerable. The trouble was diagnosed as "liver complaint," but scarcity of proper food, no new frocks or kind words, hard work and continual bullying may possibly have been contributory causes. Dr. Paty thought so, for he had witnessed three most contented deaths in the Baxter house. The ladies were all members of the church and had presumably made their peace with God, but the good doctor fancied that their pleasure in joining the angels was mild compared with their relief at parting with the deacon.

"I know I hadn't ought to put the care on you, Waitstill, and you only fourteen," poor Mrs. Baxter sighed, as the young girl was watching with her one night when the end seemed drawing near. "I've made out to live till now when Patience is old enough to dress herself and help round, but I'm all beat out and can't try any more."

"Do you mean I'm to take your place, be a mother to Patience and keep house and everything?" asked Waitstill quaveringly.

"I don't see but you'll have to, unless your father marries again. He'll never hire help, you know that!"

"I won't have another mother in this house," flashed the girl. "There's been three here and that's enough! If he brings anybody home I'll take Patience and run away, as Job did, or if he leaves me alone I'll wash and scrub and cook till Patience grows up, and then we'll go off together and hide somewhere. I'm fourteen. Oh, mother, how soon could I be married and take Patience to live with me? Do you think anybody will ever want me?"

"Don't marry for a home, Waitstill! Your own mother did that, and so did I, and we were both punished for it! You're been a great help, and I've had a sight of comfort out of the baby, but I wouldn't go through it again, not

KIDNEY TROUBLE CAUSES LAME BACK

I am pleased to say a good word for Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, as I was troubled for a year or more with my kidneys and annoying symptoms. My Brother advised me to try Swamp-Root. I took several bottles of this remedy with excellent results. At the time Swamp-Root was recommended to me, my condition was such that I found it an effort in stooping or bending and in attending to my duties as Manager of the \$9.99 store at 122 Main Street, Evansville, Ind. Very truly yours,

J. E. Elvey, Evansville, Ind. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 21st day of December, 1911. EDWARD A. TORCE, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention the Clarksburg Daily Telegram. Regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

even for her! You're real smart and capable for your age, and you've done your full share of the work every day, even when you were at school. You can get along all-right."

"I don't know how I'm going to do everything alone," said the girl, forcing back her tears. "You're always made the brown bread, and mine will never suit father. I suppose I can wash, but I don't know how to iron starched clothes, nor make pickles, and oh! I can never kill a rooster. Mother, it's no use to ask me to! I'm not big enough to be the head of the family."

Mrs. Baxter turned her pale, tired face away from Waitstill's appealing eyes.

"I know," she said faintly. "I hate to leave you to bear the brunt alone, but I must! * * * Take good care of Patience and don't let her get into trouble. * * * You won't, will you?"

"I'll be careful," promised Waitstill, sobbing quietly. "I'll do my best."

"You've got more courage than over I had; don't you expose you can stiffen up and defend yourself a little more! Your father'd ought to be opposed, for his own good, but I've never seen anybody that dared do it." Then, after a pause, she said with a flash of spirit. "Anyhow, Waitstill, he's your father after all. He's no blood relation of mine, and I can't stand him another day; that's the reason I'm willing to die."

Ivory Boynton lifted the bars that divided his land from the highroad and walked slowly toward the house. It was April, but there were still patches of snow here and there, fast melting under a drizzling rain. It was a gray world, a bleak, black and brown world, above and below. The sky was leaden; the road and the footpath were deep in a muddy ooze flecked with white. The tree trunks, black, with bare branches, were outlined against the gray sky. Nevertheless, spring had been on the way for a week, and a few sunny days would bring the yearly miracle for which all hearts were longing.

Ivory was season wise, and his quick eye had caught many a sign as he walked through the woods from his schoolhouse. A new and different color haunted the tree tops, and one had only to look closely at the elm buds to see that they were beginning to swell. Some fat robins had been bouncing about in the schoolyard at noon, and the sparrows had been chirping and twittering on the fence rails. Yes, the winter was over, and Ivory was glad, for it had meant no coasting and skating and sleighing for him, but long walks in deep snow or slush, long evenings, good for study, but short days and greater loneliness for his mother. He could see her now as he neared the house, standing in the open doorway, her hand shading her eyes, watching, always watching, for some one who never came.

"Spring is on the way, mother, but it isn't here yet, so don't stand there in the rain," he called. "Look at the nose-gay I gathered for you as I came through the woods. Here are pussy willows and red maple blossoms and mayflowers, would you believe it?"

Lois Boynton took the handful of budding things and sniffed their fragrance.

"You're late tonight, Ivory," she said. "Rod wanted his supper early so that he could go off to singing school, but I kept something warm for you, and I'll make you a fresh cup of tea."

CHAPTER III.

Something of a Hero. IVORY went into the little shed room off the kitchen, changed his muddy boots for slippers and made himself generally tidy, then he came back to the living room bringing a pine knot which he flung on the fire, making it to a brilliant flame.

"We can be as lavish as we like with the stumps now, mother, for spring is coming," he said, as he sat down to his meal.

"I've been looking out more than usual this afternoon," she replied. "There's hardly any snow left, and though the walking is so bad I've been rather expecting your father before night. You remember he said when he was away in January that he should be back before the mayflowers bloomed?"

(To be continued.)

The Buffalo of the United States and Canada now number about 3,000.

LYNCH'S

Specials This Week
On Ladies' Tailored Suits and Coats

Every garment strictly new and up-to-date in style, finish and material.

Big Reductions

To reduce stock quickly:

\$20.00 LADIES' SUITS, REDUCED TO... \$15.50
\$25.00 LADIES' SUITS, REDUCED TO... \$17.50
\$27.50 LADIES' SUITS, REDUCED TO... \$18.50
\$30.00 LADIES' SUITS, REDUCED TO... \$20.50
\$12.00 LADIES' COATS, REDUCED TO... \$ 9.75
\$14.00 LADIES' COATS, REDUCED TO... \$11.00
\$18.00 LADIES' COATS, REDUCED TO... \$13.50
\$20.00 LADIES' COATS, REDUCED TO... \$15.50
Alterations free. See them, no obligation to buy.

SPRING WAISTS

SPRING SKIRTS

SPRING DRESSES

SPRING PETTICOATS

LYNCH'S



Put a hard-wood finish on your worn, scuffed floors.

Do it with SPARTANA, the wonderful Marietta varnish stain.

Spartana has a hundred home-beautifying uses about the house. You can re-finish floors, woodwork, furniture, picture frames, mouldings—making them bright new.

Spartana does not produce the cloudy or muddy effect peculiar to some varnish stains. The surface it produces is clear, bright, elastic, lasting. A quarter buys a half pint tin.

SPARTAN ART WOOD STAINS—The stains de luxe for new interior woodwork. We make the stains for the leading furniture and piano houses of the country, which means that our stains are best adapted to matching furniture.

MARIETTA FLOOR WAX—The practical floor wax where a tango finish is desired.

SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER Co.

READ THE TELEGRAM CLASSIFIED ADS



YOUR HOT WATER SUPPLY

is a very important item in the kitchen. Why not have it always immediately available by having us attach a heater to your water boiler. It will not take long or cost much and even that cost will soon be made up in time and fuel saved.

Simmon's Plumbing and Electric Co. WEST FINE STREET